

It's not fair

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Summary: "I love you, baby." She winced. Will that word ever stop sending a wave of icy grief over her? Nina and Stan were excited over their fifth child until they got the horrible news. She miscarried.

It's not fair

It wasn't fair. It shouldn't have happened. They shouldn't be so sad when they used to be so happy about the news. Then it all came crashing down on them. They went to the doctor for the monthly appointment. Then the doctor told her the awful two-word sentence after discovering something was wrong, "You miscarried." Just thinking of the words made an icy wave of grief wash over her.

It's not like it was their first child, after all. They had four beautiful and talented children, two boys two girls. But it's hard to be normal, especially when everyone sends them pitying looks and the damn magazines had wrote about the miscarriage. She hated it when the press catches up to her, making her life lies and rumors, getting people involved in her life when they really should stay out of it.

It wasn't fair. There isn't a night when she stays awake wondering if the baby were twins, like Nathan and Tina, Christina and Ian were. Wondering if the baby would have looked like her or him. Wondering why it was happening to them.

He would lie awake, thinking it was his fault for the miscarriage. They'd been arguing, and all that emotional stress must have caught up to her. Maybe it was his fault because he wanted a lot of children. It was his fault for begging her to have another baby. Why couldn't he had been happy with his four children? Two thirteen-year-olds and two two-year-olds appearantly weren't enough for him.

They were almost forty-years old, and they'd been married for

thirteen years. In that thirteen years of marriage, they'd never went through anything as hurtful as a miscarriage.

It. Wasn't. _Fair._ "Stan?" She turned over. He thought she was asleep. He'd been wrong. "Yeah, baby?" He winced at the word choice. Her eyes, which were red and puffy, filled as she scooted closer to him, burying her face in his chest.

"Somebody came to our house today, while you were at work. He was asking questions about the mis-mis." She burst into tears. He rubbed her back soothingly. "It's okay, baby." He said softly. _Damn! There's that word again._ He thought. "We could always try again." He told her quietly.

She nodded, sniffing. "Why do you think it happened?" She asked. He shrugged. "I think maybe it was God's way of telling us something was wrong." She said. He could tell from the look in her eyes that was what she was trying to convince herself.

"Maybe." He said. She looked at him, her emerald eyes filled with pain. "When do you want to start trying again?" She asked. He leaned his head down and kissed her. "Right now. I can't sleep, anyway."

"Neither can I." She said softly. He kissed her again. "I love you, baby." He said.

She winced. Will that word ever stop sending a wave of icy grief over her? "I love you, too baby." She said quietly, kissing him again.

It still wasn't fair. But maybe their luck could change.

End
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